



APRIL, 1913

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# Latin School Register

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VOLUME XXXII., No. 7.

APRIL, 1913

ISSUED MONTHLY

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## ONWARD AND UPWARD FOREVER

It was a small funeral cortege that attended the late Senator Hentall's body from the church to its final resting-place. His life's blood had been sapped by a merciless political machine when he had stood for truth, and had left but a shell to crumble away with time, while his spirit flew to a higher life and rested far from the turmoil of civil strife.

There were those, however, for whom the struggle was not yet over. The cold and heavy mist, combined with the solemnity of the procession, weighed heavily upon the mind of the widow.

Beside her in the conveyance sat her little daughter, Emily, a cripple, barely ten years of age. There was something in the mien of the child that denoted a stern realization of the full meaning of her loss, but showed also a strong determination not to express her feelings. She was of an affectionate disposition and inherited the firm religious code of honor of her father. She used to spend all her spare moments practising on her violin, which she dearly loved.

Here were a woman and a helpless girl thrown upon the world by a faction

who placed themselves before the populace as examples of great virtue, yet had seized upon the man of integrity and robbed him because he would not participate in their godless schemes.

There had been another child, Cyril, a youth of sixteen years. In his early boyhood days he had had a rather wild disposition, much to the discomfiture of his parents, and being a lad of an extremely nervous temperament, he was always at war with his teachers. At last, he entered the local High School, but became discouraged by the lack of interest on the part of his instructors, those "masters of iron" who appeared to him to have little concern whether he succeeded or failed. Little did he realize how every movement on his part was carefully noted, but somehow that clever word was never spoken which would have inspired confidence in his heart and led to a clearer understanding between teacher and lad. The situation grew worse, and he foresaw the impending political crisis and decline of his father. He was a proud youth, accustomed to the luxuries of life but lacked a character strong enough to ignore the taunts of his companions. He loved music and like his sister longed to become a violinist; but his father wished him to prepare to enter the political field after he himself should have retired. Brooding upon his supposed wrongs until his mind grew morbid, he determined to attempt to live his own life far from the discipline of home and school. He had perfect confidence in his ability to gain success without the many restrictions which he had stood so long. It seemed to him as though one must adopt the standard, "It is

fight or die," to succeed, but somehow he did not know just how to apply this in his case.

Strongly moved by this desire for freedom, he left his home one morning late in the fall, a few weeks before our story opens, and turned his face towards New York City, that powerful magnet of the Western world. The novelty of the situation and the strange sights of the great city held his attention throughout the day, and, when he retired that night, his mind was too tired to consider the rashness of his act in breaking away from friendly ties. He slept quietly all that night, little dreaming of the sorrow in his mother's heart down in that New Jersey home.

As his financial resources were not very large, he had selected a rear room in a small brick house up in the West 40th's. It was a typical New York boarding house, with a high stone stoop and a little plot of grass giving it rather a neat appearance. The landlady was a discreet woman, and did not embarrass him with many questions when he applied for lodgings from her. In the morning, after breakfast, he started out to seek employment. He believed he should have little trouble in obtaining something within a few days' time, in so large a city, for he was large for his age and well-built. Somehow nothing came, and his small savings began to diminish rapidly. Things began to look dark for a while but he would not write home. He heard of his father's burial, and he began to feel a consciousness that maybe he had been in part responsible for such an early death. This thought made him shrink more into himself. His foolish pride so enveloped him that

he could not remember the story of the prodigal son and could not see how much he might comfort his mother and ease her dual misfortune.

Christmas came, and he succeeded in obtaining a temporary situation in one of the large down-town stores. He was an ambitious worker, and his employers appreciated his labor and held him permanently when the holiday season had passed. He did well there, and was advanced a little as the months went on: but as he saw others come and push themselves ahead of him, he slowly began to realize his folly in leaving school so early.

Two years had passed, and by hard work he had gradually moulded himself into a young man. He still held his little room up on the West Side, for his income was small and he was unable to indulge in those luxuries to which he had always been accustomed. He had expected to make many friends in so large a city, but after all these months, he sat one Sunday afternoon by his window, looking out upon the backs of the neighboring houses, and considered the cold solemnness of the narrow landscape, and thought of the narrowness of his life since he had left home. The great city seemed to be like a vast desert and its inhabitants like many grains of sand. As the last few days had rolled by, he felt as though he was but one grain blown about in solitude. It is true, his landlady had been very patient on more than one occasion, but he had no one to turn to when his spirits were low and he most needed a friend. He was even beginning to lose the recollection of that brown stone church which he had attended so regularly each week

with his mother. There was one thing, however, which he could not forget, the vision of his mother saying, "Goodbye," to him that morning more than two years before, when he had gone forth to school, from which he had never returned. His pride still kept him down, and he had never written the line which would have comforted his mother more than anything else.

Turning from these reflections, he set out to stroll along the avenue, and sought to find relief for his tired mind by intermingling with the crowds which always seemed to be wandering aimlessly like himself. Although it was Sunday, the music halls of the metropolis were open, and, as he passed the doors, he saw the lobbies thronged with eager faces; but this had no attraction for him. He went on until he came to a small cafe, where the sound of a violin from within attracted his attention and he stopped to listen. A bright poster near the entrance announced that "Little Emily," the precocious child violinist, would endeavor to entertain the guests of the house daily. Inspired by the beauty of the piece which was being played, his old passion for music arose within him and the thought of the "Little Emily" he had known came to him, and he entered just as the selection was finished. He seated himself at a little table somewhat aside from the other diners. When he had given his order, he sat in a reverie listening to the symphony which the orchestra had started to play.

He waited for the soloist to begin again, and when he heard the soft tones of the violin, he turned and saw the slight form of a child on a little plat-

form, seated almost hidden away behind a mass of palms. He started in his seat when he saw there in front of him, like a phantom, his crippled sister softly touching the strings with her bow. His first impulse was to rush up to her, but he held himself to his seat and awaited the final applause, his soul all the while absorbing the melody. Then slowly he followed her at a distance, until she reached her home. He did not feel as though he was ready to go in there yet, but made a note of the location and number of the house, and then returned to his own room. That evening, however, he conquered his feelings and went back to the house of his sister, and found his mother living with her.

He was received with open arms and, when he had related his story, he sat by the open fireplace and listened while his mother told of her futile search of many weeks, and how after his father's death necessity demanded that she should seek employment and she had come to New York. Then she fell ill, but when they were most in need, Emily succeeded in obtaining an engagement for a short time at the cafe he had visited that afternoon. The management had held her from week to week as their patrons had sympathy for the crippled girl and recognized her ability. When he returned to his room that night, he reproached himself severely for his foolish recklessness and conceit.

Then it was that he began to realize fully the necessity of an education reinforced by a strong home foundation. He went to live with his mother and

worked harder than ever to get ahead in the store, but to no avail. He spent all his spare time at home studying, for an ambition to become something greater than anything the department store could offer him, began to grow in his mind. His sister no longer had to play in the little cafe, but his wages were only enough to cover the current expenses.

When the summer was almost over, his mother had a small sum left her on the death of a distant relative, and this was sufficient to support Emily and herself moderately for a couple of years. His mother's love had increased, when Cyril came back to live with her, and she insisted that he should take advantage of this opportunity to better himself; and so, when he saw a chance, he left the store and reentered High School. He had found employment evenings in one of the up-town hotels, and Saturdays he assisted in the store where he had worked so long; and in this manner he made enough to pay his own way through school. School now had a far different meaning to him from what it had had in the past, for he was now working his own way through and was not dependent on others. He worked hard, and before long his former ambition to become a great musician came back to him.

He soon adopted the motto, "Onward and upward forever," in place of his former one, "It is fight or die." The mists had blown away, and he saw ahead of him the long-sought goal.

—F. X. O'B., '15.

## S. O. S.

It was night. Black, angry clouds scudded swiftly across the sky. The sea beat with an unceasing roar upon the little island where the wireless station stood. At times the spray was thrown even to the enormous aerial, which was stretched like the finger-bones of a huge hand from the central pole at the base of which the station stood. Although it sounded outside as if pandemonium had broken loose, inside it was as still as a church, due to the special sound-proof walls.

All the evening the heavy crash of the spark rolling across the gap had been heard. The room was gradually clearing of the sulphurous smell of the ozone. The operator had talked with many ships during the evening, for, situated as he was, on, or rather off the coast of Newfoundland, he was almost in the steamer track between Liverpool and New York. He had gone to bed at eleven o'clock, leaving only the automatic bell in connection with the aerial; which, connected to delicate instruments, rang whenever a message was received. Being very tired, he immediately went to sleep.

About one the bell rang, but the wakeful operator, although he heard it, decided that it was only a passing ship talking with New York. About two the bell rang again, although more faintly than the preceding time. This time the impatient operator stamped over to his instruments, and, throwing in the switch, adjusted his receivers. What he heard made him sit up as if shot. Faintly through the receivers he heard, "S. O. S., S. O. S., S. O. S. Ship on fire. Sinking at stern. Can last only few hours. Send help. K. F. L."

Looking up at his list, he discovered with horror that this was the great passenger steamer Lithuanian. Hurriedly throwing over his switch, the operator sent, "K. F. L. What is your position? How many passengers? H. W."

The answer came faintly back, "Were three hundred miles south of you at noon. Driven forty miles out of course by storm. Fire broke out at ten. Have been calling an hour. Five hundred passengers. K. F. L."

The operator sent, "K. F. L. Will try to get help. Stick to ship. H. W." Then switching on all power he sent, "S. O. S." as slowly and distinctly as his nervous fingers would permit, alternately sending and listening. For a few minutes no ship replied. Suddenly four ships answered almost simultaneously. One was eighty miles away, another one hundred and fifty, another two hundred, and the fourth, a tramp steamer, was three hundred miles away; but in a different direction from the burning ship although the nearest of the four.

The operator gasped. Would any ship be able to reach the doomed vessel in time? He hurriedly threw in his switch and called the vessel three hundred miles away, the Roumanian. He ordered her to change her course and head south-east. Then he had to wait.

After a few minutes the signal came, "H. W. Have just heard K. F. L. Are about seventy miles from her. Her power gave out while calling. Will call again. R. Y. S."

Ages seemed to pass before the little bell rang again to warn him that someone was calling. Putting on his receivers, he heard, "H. W. 20 miles from

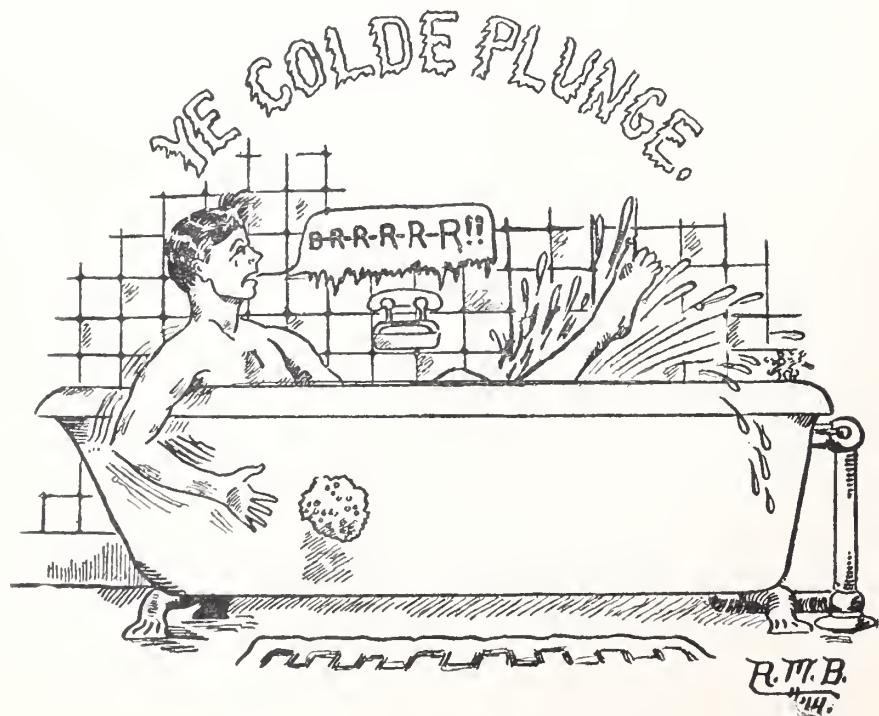
K. F. L. Can make out ship from reflection of flames. People are all on forward deck. Seems very low in water. Don't think we can reach her. One boat is just putting off. Very rough sea. R. Y. S."

Instinctively the operator thought of the hour he had lost and what it might mean to the people on board the Lithuanian. He pictured them crowding together on the deck anxiously watching, now the on-coming steamer and now the ever nearing flames. He pictured the men fighting for places for their wives in the boats. He saw the captain and crew, gun in hand, driving back the men. He saw the rich first cabin passengers mingling freely with the stokers from below. He saw the— Suddenly he was awakened from his dreams by his electric bell. Adjusting his receivers with trembling fingers, the first words he caught were, "All safe." With a cry he

tumbled over backwards in a dead faint just as the sun rose above the horizon.

When he awoke, it was broad daylight. Although much calmer than the day before, the sea still beat angrily upon the rocks. Slowly, fearing that he had dreamed the two words he had heard the night before, he adjusted his instruments, called up Glace Bay, and found to his joy that all had been saved. The ill-fated Lithuanian had sunk twenty minutes after the last man was taken off. Seven stokers who had seized a boat and deserted the ship were all who were missing. Neither they nor the boat were ever heard from afterward. The officers at the Navigation Department wondered why H. W. resigned his position for one paying less, far inland. Had they but been in the wireless room that night they would have known.

—W. A. G., '15.



# SKETCHES

## ACCUSED AND ACQUITTED

Joe Hurley had been sent abroad by his foster parents at the age of eight years to study in a monastery school, which was located on a beautiful spot in Southern Italy. Here, under the guidance of the monks, Joe became very scholarly and developed a remarkable fondness for Greek. He became well versed in both the ancient and modern dialects and communicated with different persons in Greece. When he reached the age of seventeen, he quitted the secluded cloister to pursue his studies in an English college. He still, however, kept up his Greek correspondence.

The English government at this time was having trouble with Greece and other southern European nations, and preparations were being made for war. Consequently the English officials took great pains to see that none of their fortifications or secret works were spied upon.

One bright, sunny day, as Joe and a college chum were walking upon a hill from which a huge fort overlooked the city, merrily talking Greek, they were suddenly accosted by two short, thick-set men. These two strangers displayed badges which proved them to be government detectives. They, chuckling to themselves, requested Joe and his chum quietly to accompany them without force to police headquarters. Here they searched the college boys and, greatly to the former's elation, many Greek letters and maps were found upon them. The evening newspapers had a big headline which read, "Two Greek Spies Caught Red-handed."

Meanwhile the letters had been translated and the two chums had proven an

alibi. Great was the consternation of the two almost brilliant detectives. Their hopes of future rewards, promotions, and medals vanished quite suddenly, never to return. Joe and his friend were released with apologies by the detectives and officials and the laughter of their friends who immediately nicknamed them, "The Spies."

Despite the jeopardy, Joe and his chum still talk Greek and correspond with their friends in Greece. This incident was treated by the general public as a fine joke on the two ambitious up-holders of the law, and many were the sarcastic remarks made by the newspapers.

—H. N. D., '13.

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## A CAMPING TRIP

One bright sunny morning we decided to leave our regular camp and go for a two days' trip to a small mountain some distance away on the other side of the lake. We rolled up our blankets, packed some provisions, and after rowing across the lake, started on our hike to the mountain.

We climbed fences, crossed fields, and tramped hot, dusty, country roads until at last we reached the foot of the mountain. The ascent, though shady, was steep, and the blankets heavy so that we were glad to lie down on the grass at the top and get cooled off.

At the foot of the hill was a farmhouse where we got our water. There lived in this old house a man and his wife, a rather jolly old couple, who cordially invited us to come down in the evening, saying that they would entertain us by a graphophone concert. We accepted the invitation and also a sickly looking

pie which the old lady kindly offered to sell us.

After our supper some of the braver ones ventured to taste that pie. By a unanimous vote it was quietly laid in a clump of bushes at some distance from where we intended to pass the night.

After supper we descended the mountain and presented ourselves at the farmhouse, where we were cordially received into a smoky kitchen. On the floor lay a dog which the old people amused themselves with, the man first kicking him out when he barked and the woman recalling him to her side. They brought out a battered old machine and we were forced to remain under the torture of that whining graphophone until we could persuade them that as the walk up the hill was long we must go. Thanking the old lady for her "delicious pie," we departed for our nice, soft, rocky beds at the top of the mountain.

The next morning we took a circuitous route home through several interesting little towns and by little ponds. The journey was uneventful, but it seemed good that night to substitute the soft mattresses of our camp beds for the hard rock of the night before.

—R. P. C., '15.

### SIGNS OF SPRING

During the winter months, when the days are short and the nights are long, when the sun no longer gives forth warmth, and when our mother earth is wrapped in a mantle of snow and ice, how eagerly we look forward to spring-time, when, instead of weeping, Nature smiles! How gladly we welcome the first signs of spring! The sun begins to shine forth in its full splendor, and gradually thaws away the ice and snow. The bare trees become clothed in green leaves. In the fields, the grass and wild flowers are sprouting. In the woods, the birds are singing their thanks to the kind Providence for His mercy in putting once more within their reach their food and drink. The grasshoppers and crickets chirp as they spring merrily from one blade of grass to another. The brooks and streams have no longer a covering of ice, but are sparkling and gurgling along their courses as if they had never met winter. The farmer is once more plowing his field and sowing his seeds, dreaming of the crop that he will reap. Thus Nature shows her cheerfulness in the woods, in the fields, and even in the busy, hustling city, where the laborer is going to his work, whistling a merry tune, and swinging his tin lunch-box in his hand.

—L. S. G., '13.

### ATHLETIC NOTES

Nelson, '11, who was Captain of the baseball team in 1911, is retained on the Harvard Varsity team, and will probably be taken on the Southern trip.

After the first cut was made in the Harvard Freshman baseball squad, Heyer, '11, and Doherty, '12, were retained.

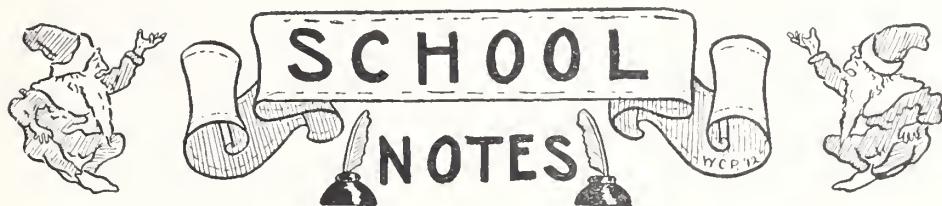
Soucy, '12, is stroke on the Fresh-

man crew at Harvard.

In the recent novice track meet held at Dartmouth, Brady, '12, won first place in the hurdles and third place in the same event in the class meet.

Gardner Dunton, '14, has been chosen Manager of the 1913 football team.

Walter Hardy, '14, was elected Captain of next year's hockey team.



Is the Boston Latin School really a hard school? This question was recently brought to the attention of the writer by an article in the sporting column of the Boston Traveler-Herald, discussing the average age at which boys enter college. In this connection, the following extract may be of interest: "At the Boston Latin School, probably the stiffest of any of the Boston high schools in preparation for college, the average age of members of the senior class graduating from school, to continue their studies at Harvard or elsewhere, is a shade over 18 years and 6 months." If a boy graduates from grammar school from the 8th grade, and enters Class B of the Latin School, he should graduate here at the age of 17 years. If he graduated from the grammar school from the ninth grade, he should graduate here at the age of 18 years. It is a fact that less than a third of our boys complete the course in the prescribed time. Upon this point the writer did a little investigating. In the Latin School Catalogue, issued October, 1907, 69 boys are listed in Class VI. If these boys had done their work faithfully, they would now be in the Graduating Class. The writer found the names of 14 of these boys, listed in that class, just 20%. The Class IV.B boys who entered in 1909, numbered 261, 48 of whom are now in the Graduating Class, just 14%. There are 100 boys in the Class of 1913, 62 of whom are completing the course in the prescribed time. All these

facts seem to prove that the Boston Latin School is not only a hard school, but a thorough school. Many boys come here, but those boys who do their work faithfully and succeed are the boys of whom the school may be justly proud.

\* \* \* \*

R. Duncan, Jr., this year's Business Manager of *The Register* and Associate Editor last year, has left school to go into business. We are sorry to see Duncan go, and at this time we wish to thank him for his valuable services in the business department of *The Register*. R. B. Tyler of Class I. has been appointed Business Manager, and H. H. Silliman of Class II., Assistant Business Manager.

\* \* \* \*

On Monday morning, March 10, Mr. Pennypacker read to the school several letters of especial interest. The first was a letter from Assistant Superintendent Rafter, complimenting the school upon the excellent and manly conduct of the commissioned officers who acted as ushers at the teachers' mass meeting in Tremont Temple, on Thursday, March 6. Mr. Pennypacker then spoke of the two Canadian gentlemen who visited the Latin School a short time ago and complimented it upon the excellent spirit displayed in all activities. Finally, he read a letter written in 1852 by the Confederate general, Robert E. Lee, at that time in the service of the United States, to his son at West Point.

The letter contained some excellent advice regarding frankness and devotion to duty.

\* \* \* \*

The fifth and last Public Declamation was held on Friday, March 7, 1913. There were 16 speakers, and all maintained the Latin School standard of speaking. Humorous pieces were chosen by many of the declaimers, and they made a decided "hit" with the members of the school. The musical number consisted of a violin solo by A. J. Marsh of Class I., with R. S. Pugh of Class II. playing the accompaniment.

\* \* \* \*

At an election for three members of the Photo Committee from Class I., held recently, E. H. Bond, W. J. Boles, and C. H. Nelson, were chosen.

\* \* \* \*

The Class Pins have been placed on sale by the Pin Committee, and our seniors may be seen proudly displaying them. The design is very attractive, consisting of a raised triangle with "13" in the centre, and "Boston Latin School" inscribed upon the sides. The pin is quite small, and is what would be called "cute" by the members of our sister-school, G. L. S.

\* \* \* \*

J. M. Sanderson, President of the Class of 1907, is teaching at Milton Academy.

\* \* \* \*

M. F. Hall, '11, has been elected Literary Editor of the Harvard Musical Review.

P. H. Raymond, '12, has been declared exempt from English A at Harvard College.

\* \* \* \*

Dr. Dyer, Superintendent of the Boston Public Schools, visited the Latin School on March 12. He dropped in at several of our recitations and was much pleased with the excellence of the scholarship displayed.

\* \* \* \*

Tickets for the Annual Prize Drill have been placed on sale. The distribution is in the hands of the Room Masters this year, instead of Mr. Penny-packer's, as in former years.

\* \* \* \*

A Mandolin Club has been formed once more in the school and, no doubt, will be heard from in a short time. Morse, Bail, Fishel, Hickey, Dunton, and Wyzanski form the nucleus of the club at present.

\* \* \* \*

#### THE DEBATING CLUB

*President*—F. G. MONTAGUE, '13.

*Vice President*—J. J. MULCAHY, '13.

*Secretary-Treasurer*—R. C. KELLEY, '13.

*Critic*—MR. S. B. SOUTHWORTH.

*Executive Committee*

F. X. O'BRIEN, '15. E. D. SEELY, '15.

The second regular debate was held in the Assembly Hall on Monday, March 3, The subject was:—"Resolved, That further restriction of Immigration is desirable." The speakers were:—Affirmative, E. A. Wouters, and R. C. Kelley; Negative, J. J. Mulcahy, and D. J. Harkins. After the regular speeches,

the question was thrown open to the house and several members took advantage of the opportunity to speak. Instead of immediately following the regular speeches, the rebuttal was left till the last event on the program. The Affirmative won the debate.

The chief criticism of the work of the club thus far is that nine or ten members are doing all the speaking, while the total membership is over sixty. There seems to be a tendency towards bashfulness among the younger boys. Let them remember what Mr. Southworth

has often said, that the only way to acquire confidence and ability in speaking, is to get on one's feet and try. These younger boys will have the burden of maintaining the Club in a few years, and now is the time for them to get their experience in debating.

Mr. Southworth has given some valuable suggestions to the members in his criticism of the work at the business meetings, held on alternate Mondays. Any boy who wishes to learn more about the club should consult Mr. Southworth or one of the officers.

## BETWEEN THE BELLS

Not long ago, a distracted senior was seen buried in a book (unusual sight!) and mumbling to himself. The scribe, upon attempting to ascertain the cause of this, was somewhat startled to hear the senior exclaim:—“Ah! I have it! A famous theorem, never before discovered. The number of misdemeanor-marks that I receive varies directly as the square of the distance from the teacher.”

\* \* \* \*

MATHEMATICS TEACHER:—“What is the accepted value of pi?”

SMART PUPIL:—“Five cents at the lunchroom.”

\* \* \* \*

A certain French scholar, whom we shall call Nacelle, was awakened from a beautiful dream by the voice of the instructor:—“Nacelle, what does *un coup de grace* mean?” After inspecting the four walls of the room, and the ceiling for good measure, Nacelle suddenly informed the instructor that it meant “cut the grass.”

PHYSICS TEACHER (after a long, tiresome proof):—“Now we get the answer,  $x=0$ .”

SLEEPY VOICE from rear of room:—“All that work for nothing.”

\* \* \* \*

The silver paper that our “Lowney’s” is wrapped in has suddenly become valuable. Have you been greeted with a “Give us the paper, will you?,” when you purchase this delicacy at the lunchroom? The competition is very strenuous at times, also quite amusing.

\* \* \* \*

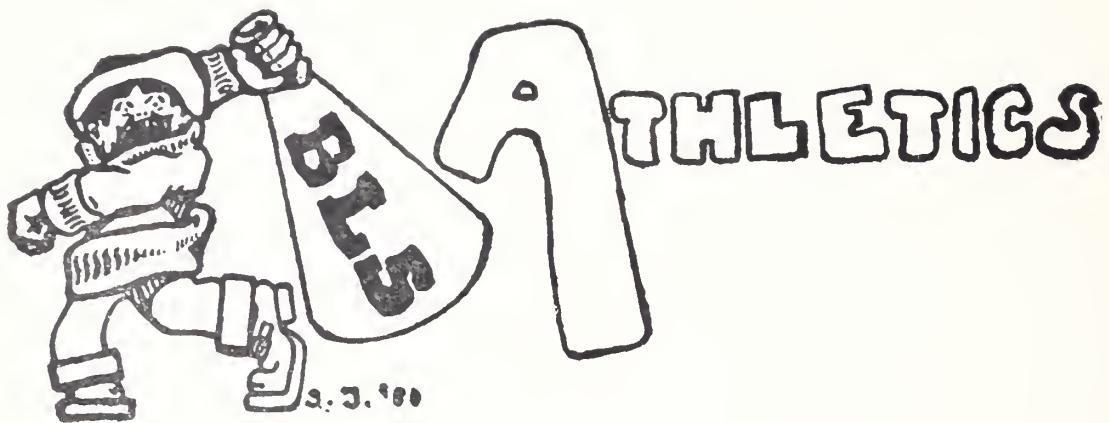
TEACHER (to a new pupil in French):—“Smith, what is the meaning of *casquette*? ”

SMITH:—“Why-er-a thing they bury people in, of course.”

\* \* \* \*

PUPIL (translating Virgil):—*Ne equo credite*, don’t believe in the horse.”

LATIN INSTRUCTOR (musingly):—“Yes, that’s what I say to you, boys; *Ne equo credite!*”



## TRACK

**R. L. S., 24; B. L. S., 22; C. L. S., 17.**

On Friday, March 7, our last indoor meet of the season was held in the drill hall between Roxbury, Cambridge, and Boston Latin Schools. It was the most exciting and interesting meet held this season, and the three schools were so evenly matched that the result of the meet depended on the last event, the high jump, which Cambridge won unexpectedly, thus giving Roxbury the meet.

The first event of the afternoon was the 30-yard Dash, which McDonald of Roxbury won, with Saladine of our school and Huy of Roxbury tied for second place.

The 300-yard Run, one of the most exciting events of the day, was between McDonald, Saladine, Read, and Rogers; but as McDonald fouled another man on the corner, the race was awarded to Read of Cambridge, and Saladine and Rogers received second and third places respectively. Read of Cambridge also won the 600-yard Run, but he was followed all the way by Cooks of B. L. S., who was defeated by a few inches only.

The only two firsts that we carried off were the Mile Run and the Shot Put. Whelan had his own way in the former event, and had little difficulty in winning

over his other competitors. In the Shot Put, Boston Latin received six more points, as Boles won this event with a fine toss of 39 ft., 10 in., and Capt. Green captured third place.

### 30-YARD DASH.

Won by McDonald (R); Huy (R) and Saladine (B) tied for second. Time—3 4-5 sec.

### 300-YARD RUN.

Won by Read (C); Saladine (B), second; Rogers (B), third. Time—43 1-5 sec.

### 600-YARD RUN.

Won by Doyle (C); Cooks (B), second; Holden (R), third. Time—1 min., 37 sec.

### 1000-YARD RUN.

Won by Holden (R); Davison (R), second; Holt (C), third. Time—2 min., 56 sec.

### MILE RUN.

Won by Whelan (B); Alexander (R), second; Coughlan (C), third. Time—5 min., 35 sec.

### HIGH JUMP.

Won by Chase (C), height, 5 ft., 2 in.; Dunton (B) and Marsh (R) tied for second, height, 5 ft., 1 in.

### SHOT PUT.

Won by Boles (B), distance, 39 ft., 10 in.; Connolly (R), second, distance, 38 ft., 7½ in.; Green (B), third, distance, 38 ft., 6 in.

INTERMEDIATE RELAY RACE.

Hall's team vs. Gilpatric's team.—Won by Hall's team (Hall, Duntley, Davis, Miller, J. Cusick). Gilpatric's team, second (Mandlestam, O'Neil, Fay, Otis, Gilpatric.) Time—1 min., 5 4-5 sec.

TOTAL.

	R. L. S. B. L. S. C. L. S.
30-yd. Dash.....	7 2 0
300-yd. Run.....	0 4 5
600-yd. Run.....	1 3 5
1000-yd. Run.....	8 0 1
Mile Run.....	3 5 1
Shot Put.....	3 6 0
High Jump.....	2 2 5
—	—
24	22 17

**The Regimental Meet**

The fifth annual meet of the Track and Field League of the Boston High Schools was held in the South Armory, Irvington Street, on Saturday, March 15. The meet resulted in a victory for the High School of Commerce, whose athletes scored  $90\frac{1}{2}$  points. The English High School came second with 80 points, and the Boston Latin School, with 60.5-12 points, was a strong third over the Dorchester High School, who finished in fourth place with  $48\frac{1}{4}$  points. In fact, our decisive victory over Dorchester High was the greatest victory scored by our track team this season. The remaining points were divided among the West Roxbury, Hyde Park, Mechanic Arts, East Boston, South Boston, Brighton and Charlestown High Schools, who finished in the order named.

While the Latin School was not very strong in the Senior division, our Intermediates and Juniors were the "stars" of the meet and made our victory possible. Although we qualified five men in the trials of the Senior 60-yd. Dash,

Saladine, Mandlestam, O'Dowd, Hunt, and Barrow, only two won places in the final, Saladine scoring 2 points by capturing 3d place, and Hunt 1 point for 4th place. Our other Seniors who scored points were:—Rogers with a 3d place in the 45-yd. Hurdles, 2 points; Dunton and Rogers in a triple tie for fourth place in the Running High Jump, 2-3 of a point; Webber, fourth place in the Standing Broad Jump, 1 point; and Captain Green, 3d place in the Shot Put, 2 points. Our Senior Relay Team, consisting of Saladine, O'Dowd, Gilpatric, and Rogers, was defeated by the English High School, after one of the most exciting races of the afternoon. We scored the second best time and won  $4\frac{1}{2}$  points. In the Intermediate events, W. F. Whalen and J. F. Cusick were the Latin School "stars." J. F. Cusick won 5 points in the 220-yard run, by winning this new event over a large field of entries. His time was very fast and will probably stand for some years to come. Other Intermediates who scored points were:—Davis, fourth in the 600-yd. Run, 1 point; Whalen, second in the 35-yd. Hurdles, 3 points; Laird, the Junior High-Jump Champion, who is now an Intermediate, tying with Whalen for first place in the Running High Jump, and J. F. Cusick in a tie for third place,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  points, giving us  $9\frac{1}{2}$  points in this event, which is more than any other school scored in one event. McGary won second place in the Shot Put, scoring 3 points, and our Intermediate Relay Team made second best time, scoring  $4\frac{1}{2}$  points. In the Junior events, Swartz and McGrath were the Latin School "stars." Swartz won first place in the 35-yd. Dash and first in the Standing Broad Jump, scoring 10 points.

McGrath won first in the 160-yd. Dash, and third place in the Running High Jump, scoring  $6\frac{1}{2}$  points. Our Junior Relay Team, consisting of McGrath, Donnelly, Swartz, and Wing easily defeated the English Junior Relay Team by 3 4-5 seconds, scoring 5 points for the best time. Out of six possible first places, our Juniors won four, a very creditable performance.

Our showing at the Regimental Meet, taken on the whole, was very good, and gives credit to Captain Green and Coach O'Brien for overcoming the handicaps with which they were forced to contend.

—M. P. B., '13.

### SWIMMING

On Tuesday, March 11, the swimming team held its first meet of the season with Dorchester at the Curtis Swimming tank, Jamaica Plain. Although defeated by the score of 30-25, we would have won the meet, had the judges awarded first place in the diving event to Gersumky, who was easily the winner. Capt. Adams was the star of the meet, taking first place in the 25-yard, 50-yard and 100-yard events. The summary:—

#### 25-YARD.

Won by Adams (L); Hunter (D), second; J. Fitzgerald (D), third.

#### 50-YARD.

Won by Adams (L); T. Fitzgerald (D), second; Hunter (D), third.

#### 100-YARD.

Won by Adams (L); Hunter (D), second; O'Callaghan (L), third.

#### PLUNGE.

Won by F. Weeks (D), distance, 55 ft.; Kearns (L), second, distance, 52 ft.; J. Weeks (D), third, distance, 47 ft.

#### DIVING.

Won by J. Fitzgerald (D); Hudson

(D), second; Gersumky (L), third.

#### RELAY.

Won by D. H. S. (J. Fitzgerald, T. Fitzgerald, Hunter, Weeks); second, B. L. S. (Adams, O'Callaghan, Boles, Cummings).

\* \* \* \*

**B. L. S., 30** **M. H. S., 25**

On Friday, March 14, our swimming team was victorious over the strong Malden team, by the close score of 30-25. Latin School took first place in every event except the relay, which Malden won by a narrow margin. Adams was the highest-point man, getting two firsts and a second. In the plunge, Kearns went 55 feet, which is the greatest distance a Latin School fellow has gone, since swimming has been adopted in the school. O'Callaghan and Gersumky were the other point winners for Latin School. The summary:— 25-YARD.

Won by Adams (L); Snow (M), second; O'Callaghan (L), third.

#### 50-YARD.

Won by Adams (L); Brown (M), second; O'Callaghan (L), third.

#### 100-YARD.

Won by O'Callaghan (L); Adams (L), second; Bliss (M), third.

#### PLUNGE.

Won by Kearns (L), distance, 55 ft.; Bliss (M), second, distance,  $41\frac{1}{2}$  ft.; Snow (M), third, distance, 40 ft.

#### DIVE.

Won by Gersumky (L); Bliss (M), second; Snow (M), third.

#### RELAY (10 POINTS.)

Won by Malden (Snow, Bliss, Brown, Jackson); second, B. L. S. (O'Callaghan, Cummings, Kearns, Oliver Green).

—M. P. B., '13.

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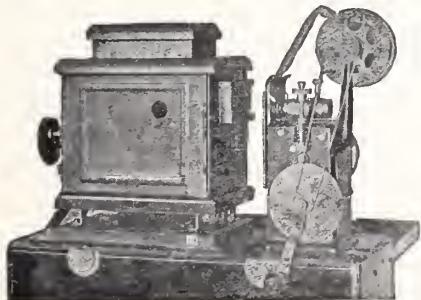
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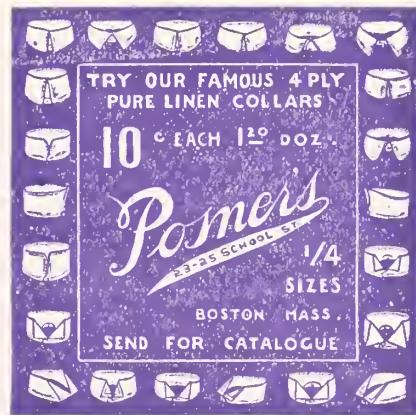
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